

Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

VOL. VII.

FLORENCE, PINAL CO., ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1888.

NO. 41.

J. M. OCHOA,

— LEADER IN —

POPULAR PRICES!!

AT HIS OLD STAND,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer

DRY and FANCY GOODS,

Furnishing Goods, Hardware,

Clothing, Groceries, Iron, Wagon Material,

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars.

SWEETWATER.

CASA BLANCA.

J. D. RITTENHOUSE,

Main and Bailey Streets, Florence, Arizona.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

— IN —

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING, NOTIONS,

Groceries, Hardware, Tobaccos.

SOLE AGENT FOR PINAL CO. FOR

Chas. Rebstock & Co.'s Celebrated

Double Stamped Whiskies,

Which will be sold at wholesale at my store as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco. This whisky is shipped direct to me from the bonded warehouse in original packages.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]
When I have culled the "Marchal Nell,"
The sweetest rose that blows,
Before the plant I faint would kneel—
The plant whereon it grows.

It's thus with thee, my tender flower—
Of flowers the brightest gem;
Every day and every hour
I bless the parent stem.

SOME FASHIONS IN NAMES.

Society Follows European Customs
In Other Matters than Dress.

[Cor. Cleveland Herald.]

It would seem that fashions in signing one's name would be superfluous; that if one had a name that was the thing to sign, that and nothing but that. But, alas! one's simple name is not sufficient. Some time ago certain young men of social aspirations started the fashion of representing their first names merely by an initial letter, while the middle names, often improved upon or invented for the purpose, were spelled out in full. The novelty of this has worn off somewhat, and we are not unduly impressed by a card bearing the name of "J. Fortescue Brown," or "S. de Smythe Jones." But now that women have come to using the same fashion we are a little surprised. That it is not simply a ripple upon the sea of fashion is shown in the fact that several wedding invitations have gone out with the bride's name similarly engraved, both in New York and Philadelphia.

A later custom than this is being introduced at present, that of signing the entire name in full, and also that of joining two names as a surname. The first comes from England, from whence we are getting so many of our fashions nowadays. English women and men sign Mary Elizabeth Jones, or Herbert Lionel Brown, as a mere matter of course, and if he or she were given as many more names, would use them all, for, why are names given them if not for use? And do not three or four names look more important than one with initials?

The second, that of joining two names as a surname, comes from France, where it is customary to use the name of the wife as well as the husband. There is much more reason for this latter custom than the former. This usage makes it an easy matter to give a woman her proper place among her own or her husband's family. Mrs. Jones is very indefinite. There are so many Mrs. Joneses that we cannot tell, unless we know her well, which Mrs. Jones it is we know. But Mrs. John Hamilton Jones tells us at once that a Miss Hamilton married Mr. John Jones, and that Mr. John Jones married one of the Hamilton girls.

In the case of a widow who has married again, it is quite customary to see cards engraved, "Mrs. J. Frances-English," France being the first husband's name. This custom obtains more generally among women who have attained something of a reputation socially, artistically, or otherwise, which they do not wish to lose by hiding their identity under a new name.

Some Good Words for Wales.

[Robert Laidi Collier.]

I am no toady, God forbid. Living in England has not lessened, in the least, my respect for, and adherence to, my own great, just, free American republic. The longer I am away from America, and living under a monarchy, the more am I attached to the simplicity and sincerity of a republican form of government. So, from what I am about to write, do not fancy that I have had my head turned.

It has been my happiness to know certain families of the English nobility in whose homes it is a pleasure and a joy to be a guest. I have seen many a room that it is a pleasure and a joy to be a guest in certain homes in Boston and Chicago. There are in these homes simple hospitality, good breeding and holy living. So do not do me the injustice of believing because I am living in London, and am honored with the acquaintance of titled people that I am getting weak in my republican backbone. I am not. Historic fidelity imposes upon me the duty of recording the deep, indeed profound impression which has been made upon the public mind by the fact that the heir to the throne of Great Britain has thus outwardly, and in a most unusual way, taken so genuine a human interest in the physical, social and moral condition and prospects of the very lowest and hardest pressed subjects of this realm.

Nobody who knows the prince of Wales ever suspects him of being a humbug. No man in the United Kingdom is freer of all the characteristics of the charlatan than he. His royal highness is uncommonly straightforward, independent and manly. I may tell you what may be to you a secret, and will certainly be a surprise, that this "first gentleman" in Europe was himself among the very first who moved in this matter of seeking out the causes of, and discussing the remedies for, the wretched condition of the lowest classes of his fellow country people. No man in Europe—no man in the world—born to the purple, has a profounder human interest in his fellow-men than has the prince of Wales.

A Health Hint.

[Hall's Journal of Health.]

Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is the best of cathartics in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will cure any curable case of dyspepsia.

In the Museum.

[Texas Siftings.]

A teacher was showing a class through a museum, explaining to them many of the wonderful things to be seen. "Now, this is the skeleton of a mastodon, Johnny; can you tell to what kind of a mastodon this skeleton belongs?" "It belongs to a dead one, sir."

New York Star: But even though we have our garments made in England or France, let us manufacture our manners at home.

Thirteen Millions from Gunpowder.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Mr. Lamont Dupont, who was killed by the explosion at Thompson's Point, is said to have been worth \$13,000,000. He had a controlling interest in the manufacture of nearly all the high explosives that were made in the United States and Canada east of the Rocky mountains. Ten million pounds of these materials were consumed in the country in 1882, the Dupont company's works at Thompson's Point producing one-third of this amount. He is credited with having organized a combination of all the makers of high explosives. When negotiating with the Panama Canal company for the powder to be used in that work he guaranteed to supply twelve tons of Atlas powder daily if that amount were needed.

One of the most daring achievements recorded in the history of the present century is one of which he was the central figure. During the Crimean war the Russian government ran out of powder, and the explosive was required to continue the defense of Sebastopol. A cargo was purchased from the Duponts in this country and was placed in a steamship lying off Baltimore. The British had frigates posted in waiting outside the Chesapeake. After seven days the watchers were eluded, and a chase began across the Atlantic, through Gibraltar, and up the Mediterranean sea. With remarkably good fortune the vessel passed through the Bosphorus and into the Black sea unchecked; but when nearing the place of contention the English war-ships hailed the stranger. Young Dupont was at the helm himself, and insisted that the vessel proceed, not heeding the signals from the war-ships. Two broadsides were poured into the vessel, but she was able to steam ahead and steer through the rocks, and was beached inside the Russian lines. This daring adventurer saved the cargo for which the Russian government paid the sum of \$3,000,000.

Throughout the civil war the family rendered distinguished services to the government, and at the very beginning of the rebellion Mr. Lamont Dupont was placed in a position by which, through his energy and genius, the country was supplied with the means of defense for the ensuing conflict.

Moses in the Soudan.

[American Review.]

The Soudan is none other than the Cush of the Bible, which the Septuagint and the Vulgate render Ethiopia. When Moses had arrived at man's estate Egypt was invaded by an Ethiopian army, which successfully laid waste the country as far as Memphis. In their despair the Egyptians prayed to their oracles for aid, and the advice they received was that they should offer the leadership of their armies to "Moses, the Hebrew." This they did. The great difficulty of the campaign was to traverse the roads which led to the Ethiopian camp, in consequence of their being infested with dangerous serpents. The wily Israelite provided his advance guard with a number of ibes in baskets and instructed the soldiers to let the him loose on the serpents. By this ingenious expedient the roads were speedily cleared and Moses was enabled to surprise the Ethiopians and defeat them with great slaughter.

Carrying the war into Meeroe itself, Moses then laid siege to the capital, Saba. The obstinate resistance offered by the defenders, prolonged the siege some time, but eventually the city was delivered up by Itharbis, the daughter of the Ethiopian king, who had watched Moses from a distance, and from admiring his valor had fallen in love with him. The story ends happily with the marriage of Moses and Itharbis.

Sigfus of the Vendetta.

[Paris Figaro.]

The vendetta still survives in Naples, but it is curious that warning of it is never given in words. The language of signs, which every Neapolitan of the lower classes knows, is generally used, and the gesture most commonly employed is made by pressing the thumb and forefinger together in such a way as to leave a small narrow space between them, which is supposed to typify the hole the challenger hopes to make in his adversary's body. In Naples, too, men still bite their thumbs, as they did in the days of Sampson and Gregory; and this is not an expression of contempt, but a declaration of war.

Turned the Laugh.

[Nashville American.]

There was an amusing occurrence on the corner of Cherry and Church streets which was witnessed by passers by. A printer, nicknamed "Little Breeches," from his diminutive size, met a colored man of Jack Fawcett's crew. The former was laughing at the latter when the huge proportioned colored individual, said: "Look-a-heeh, white man, don't you make fun of de work ob de Almighty. He done finished me, but He stopped on you before He was half done."

Washington Not an Angler.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Jones—What an enthusiastic old angler George Washington was!

Smith—Washington! Why he was not a fisherman.

Jones—Indeed he was a great lover of the sport. He wrote a book about it.

Smith—Are you not thinking of Isaac Walton?

Jones—Isaac Walton! Why that's a fact; so I was. It was not Washington, of course. He was not an angler.

Smith—No, indeed; Washington could not tell a lie.

On a Death-Spree.

[Cor. N. O. Times-Democrat.]

I saw a young man to-day who had \$2,000 to spend, and only three months for the job. How was that? Why, he has consumption, and the doctors assure him that he will die about the 1st of next July. He is a rounder, and has figured up his finances so as to exactly leave enough to bury him. The rest he will spend in riotous pleasures. I read of such a case, and didn't believe it; but this one is a fact, and isn't it horrible to think of a death-spree?

George William Curtis is reported to have said that there is no important literary project afoot either in Europe or America.

BRIDAL COUPLES AFLOAT.

How They Become Conspicuous and Foolish on Bay Steamers.

[Baltimore Herald.]

"Do I see much of young married people from the country? Well, now, if a steamboat captain who has been dealing with them for fifteen years ain't calculated to know a thing or two about them I don't know who is." This ejaculation of indignation fell from the lips of a captain of a bay steamer as he sauntered down the pier from the street where he had just parted from a young couple who entered a bus and drove up Light street. "That is the third pair," he continued. "I have started on the matrimonial voyage this week, and I'll be consarned if I don't believe the marriage craze is epidemic on the eastern shore. Let one fellow double up, and you can bet your boots that every chap in the neighborhood, who can make the necessary funds for a license, will follow suit."

"If the governor had not been so pig-headed, and sat on the 60-cent marriage bill, our list of rural couples would be twice as great." You see the steamboat lines are the only means of travel between the peninsula and Baltimore and the result is that we captains first start the rural couples on their honeymoon tour. Green? Well, now, I should just remark they are—well, they're mighty happy. They make out well enough as long as they are with their friends, but as soon as they leave them at the wharf and are ushered into the saloon usually filled with strange faces, a homesick kind of feeling comes over them. The row which their friends kick up in bidding them good-bye lets the cat out of the bag, and in ten minutes every passenger knows that the couple stowed away in a dark corner of the saloon have just been yoked up. They are stared at from all sides and get terribly confused. The groom in his desperation gets the look of a picture from the table, and both become absorbed in turning over the leaves. Nine times out of ten the book is upside down.

"Soon their heads begin to get near each other, and about the time the kiss is to take place, one of them happens to glance up and see two or three pairs of roguish eyes staring at them. This is too much, and the man who has been absorbed in the book all of a sudden is thrilling to witness. In a few minutes they are at the old love game again, and again they see the same roguish eyes from the opposite side of the saloon. If I do not come and relieve them from their embarrassment they seek the deck until the arrival of retiring hours. They can't summon up enough courage to go to their state-room while the saloon is filled with passengers. Do they make me a coward? Of course, they do. They tell me all about their courtship, marriage and a thousand other matters. They generally get pretty early to bed, but I look more sheepish, if possible, than the night before. They then begin to inquire about the city, and want to know where they should stop, etc. After I part with them here on the pier I never think anything more about them until two or three days, sometimes a week later, I see them heading the laboring load down with bundles and packages. They have gotten used to each other's society by this time, and don't care a cent who stares at them. There is usually a large crowd waiting at the wharf to welcome them back. Very frequently I see some fellow, who is now a staid old farmer, traveling on my boat with a pack on his back, and I never let the occasion slip without teasing him about his marriage."

A Story of Judah P. Benjamin.

[Washington Letter.]

I heard a fact or two about Judah P. Benjamin's early life, the other day, which were new to me. His father was a small, dark skinned Spanish Jew, who kept a little fruit shop on Market street, Charleston, S. C. Benjamin's early life was spent in that shop. He was educated by the Hebrew school society of Charleston, graduating under their care at Charleston college. He was a gross orphan by that time. His mother, disagreeing with his father, had left her home and gone to Beaufort, where she opened a general country store. Forty years ago she was conducting it successfully.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin were devoted adherents to the grand old religion of their fathers, and Judah P. Benjamin was educated in it. He has always retained his respect for his race, although he married a Gentile, and has never been identified with the Jewish church. You remember his fine reply in the senate, when he was wanted in a hot debate with being a Jew. "The senator," he said, rising gracefully and speaking in his usual silvery way, "will please remember that when his half-civilized ancestors were hunting the wild boar in the forests of Silesia, mine were the princes of the earth." The senate was silenced, and the carping senator was trifled.

A Monument to Mormonism.

[Denver News.]

The great building at Salt Lake, which the saints have been twenty-eight years in constructing, is approaching completion. It is built of granite, which is hauled from the mountains back of Salt Lake on great wagons or trucks, with wheels twelve feet high. The walls are ten feet in thickness and eighty-five feet in height. It has cost up to this time \$4,700,000, which has been collected by the tithing tax. It will require six years more to finish the work. Probably no other church building in the United States has been constructed in a way to secure such durability as is possible in this. Some of those who predict the early ruin of the Mormon hierarchy are wondering what use they can make of this temple.

Fetching Robin in Chili.

[Exchange.]

It is reported by a recent traveler that when the Indians of Chili desire rain they plant a sacred tree into which a sorcerer climbs to pray, while the others dance around and howl. Then they all get drunk. If it does not rain they get drunk again, and remain drinking until they fetch a shiver.

The grandest product of the farm is the boys and girls.

Character in Hand-Shaking.

[London World.]

The different modes of shaking hands will delineate human character better than any other single act can do, and many peculiarities of different persons may be noted in the performance of this social custom. Who would expect to get a handsome donation—or any donation at all—from a man who will give two fingers to be shaken, and keeps the others bent as upon an "ice-berg palm"? The hand coldly held out to be shaken and drawn away again as soon as decently may be, indicates a cold, selfish character, while the hand which seeks yours cordially, and unwillingly relinquishes its warm clasp, gives tokens of a warm disposition, and of a heart full of sympathy for humanity.

How much that is in the heart can be made to express itself through the agency of the fingers! Who, having once experienced it, has ever forgotten the feeling conveyed by the eloquent pressure of the hand from a dying friend when the tongue has ceased to speak? A right hearty grasp of the hand indicates warmth and ardor, while a soft, lax touch, without a grasp, indicates the opposite characteristics. In the grasp of persons with large-hearted, generous minds, there is a "whole-soul" expression most refreshing and acceptable to kindred spirits; but when a man presents you with a few cold, clammy, lifeless fingers, feeling very much like a dead fish, and expects you to do all the shaking, it will naturally make you think of the hospital and other cheerful things.

Contrary to this style, there is a habit among a rude class of giving your hand a crushing grasp, which is often most painful. In these cases there may be great kindness and a "strong" affection, but it is as crude as it is hearty. If a grasp is warm, ardent and vigorous, so is the disposition. If it is cool, formal and without emotion, so is the character. If it is magnetic and animating, the disposition is the same. As we shake hands so we feel, so we are.

New Orleans to Be a Great City.

[D. R. Locke in The Lede Blade.]

It is safe to say that within twenty years New Orleans will have a population of 500,000, despite its drawbacks. Northern industry, northern capital and northern enterprise will center there. The men will wear themselves out in the enervating climate, but there will be a constant infusion of new blood to supply the waste.

But it will never be a manufacturing city. Nature has barred that effectively. There can be no successful manufacturing in a climate in which machinery and materials unless he can be sure of the regular, steady, continuous labor that will enable him to turn it into a profit.

The first essential to successful manufacturing is the certainty of labor. No capitalist will invest in buildings, machinery and materials unless he can be sure of the regular, steady, continuous labor that will enable him to turn it into a profit.

Because of the ease of living in a climate like that of New Orleans, labor cannot be depended upon any more than it can in Naples. The class from which labor must be drawn in the Gulf states needs only one pair of very cheap trousers and a woolen shirt a year, and fuel is almost unnecessary. They need but little to eat, for the climate does not call for heavy, heat-furnishing food, and the food necessary to the climate, the fruits, and the waters swarming with fish furnish for almost nothing. There is no incentive to labor, for but very little is needed. To sustain life is the only aim of a large percentage of the population.

The Last Dollar in San Francisco.

[San Francisco Post.]

The other morning a sad-looking citizen walked into the office of Wells, Fargo and express and began solemnly doing up in a package a battered-looking silver dollar. Having accomplished this he passed the inclosure over to the clerk and said:

"I found this dollar on Market street last night, and I wish you'd address it to Adeline Patti, New York."

"Think she lost it, eh?"

"Think?" said the man, in a surprised voice. "Why, of course. So far as I can learn it's the only dollar left in San Francisco, and, of course, it must have been dropped by her. Send it along, please, and you'll have to collect the charges at the other end. I haven't got a cent."

And there wasn't a man in the house but was dry as the citizen walked off to keep an engagement with the bankruptcy commissioner.

The Queen of Weapons.

[Archibald Forbes in Pall Mall Gazette.]

Both in Afghanistan and in Zululand it befell me to see something of the use of cold steel, and I can not agree with your correspondent "C. B." that against foes armed with stabbing implements as their main weapon any advantage would be gained by discharging the bayonet for the shock swords, the Ghoorka kukrie, the American bowie-knife, or any other kindred instrument. Napier was right; the bayonet in the "queen of weapons"—that is, of all varieties of l'arme blanche; of death-dealing instruments that one man can wield, the repeating rifle is unquestionably the most lethal.

Will Probably Hit It.

[Wall Street News.]

He was a Chicago manufacturer of butterine. He reached home from a trip down south, and entered his office with the remark to his partner:

"Smith, all is lost."

"No! What's the matter?"

"Why, we have got to use at least 10 per cent. of pure butter in our article or find ourselves driven from the southern market."

"Is that all? Then cheer up. If we must increase the per cent. of butter from 5 to 10 let us find a substitute for the tallow. Let us experiment with asphalt or glite."

Journal of Education.

The rank and file of the teaching fraternity should be developed from the native population everywhere.

Herbert Spencer: There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts.

SELM W. FRANKLIN, HARRY R. JEFFORDS, JEFFORDS & FRANKLIN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW, OFFICES 212 and 214 Pennington street, Tucson, Arizona.

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Express— Leaves Casa Grande, - - - 2 a. m. " Florence, - - - 1 p. m. Connecting at Florence with GLOBE and FLORENCE STAGE LINE.

Leaves Florence Daily at 2 p. m., for RIVERSIDE, DRIPPING SPRINGS, PINAL COUNTY and GLOBE.

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Leaves Mammoth Tuesday's Thursday's and Saturday's, returning alternate days.

Notice to Creditors. Estate of J. D. Rittenhouse, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Administrator of the Estate of J. D. Rittenhouse, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor and Administrator at the store of J. D. Rittenhouse in Florence, in the County of Pinal, Arizona Territory.

Dated at Florence, Arizona, Dec. 12th, 1887. DOLORES RITTENHOUSE, Executrix.

and J. H. HULL, Administrator. Of the Estate of J. D. Rittenhouse, deceased.

SLOAN & STONE, Attys. for Executrix and Administrator.